

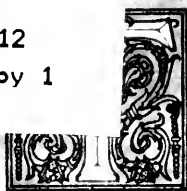
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HE REGENERATION OF ROBERT MURDOCK

A WEST POINT PLAYLET IN THREE ACTS

BY

CAPT. JAMES A. MOSS, CLASS OF '94,

U. S. M. A.



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Especially written for, and produced at, the reunion of West Pointers at the New Willard Hotel, Washington. D. C., the evening of Saturday, March 30, 1912, which was the first reunion of West Pointers ever held in Washington, and at which two hundred and ten graduates and twenty-five guests were present.



Officers appear)

LT-COLONEL ROBERT MURDOCK, Class of '82

SMITH, Messenger.

MR. WRIGHT, Stenographer.

MAJOR HENRY THAYER, Class of '82.

MAJOR U. S. LEE, Class of '82.

MAJOR ROBERT E. GRANT, Class of '82.

GENERAL JOHN M. CULLUM, Class of '60.

CADET SHERMAN, a Plebe.

GLORY JUNE.

CADET McCLELLAN.

CADET BEAUREGARD.

CADET BURNSIDE.

CADET JACKSON ("JACK"), a First-classman.

ACT I.

SCENE: *Room in War Department, with desk, book-case, extra chair, electric bell and other office appointments; doors at rear, right and left.*

TIME: *June 10, 1912.*

(Curtain rises with Murdock seated at desk, going over communications. Smith enters and places a paper on the desk. Exit Smith. Murdock rings bell. Enter Wright, note-book and pencil in hand).

MURDOCK. Say to Dr. Mary Johnson, President, Women's Temperance League, Kickapoo, Indiana.

(Wright sits in chair near Murdock).

Dear Madam:—

In answer to your letter of the 5th instant, forwarding a set of resolutions adopted by your league, urging the War Department to add the bible to the curriculum of the United States Military Academy, the Secretary of War directs me to say that up to 1882 the bible formed a part of the curriculum of the Academy, but that it was interpolated

to such an extent by the head of the department that, at the instance of the Bible League of America, its study was discontinued.

It is not at present considered advisable to reintroduce it into the curriculum. However, the resolutions of your league will be borne in mind and at the first opportunity given the consideration that they so well deserve.

Very respectfully,

MURDOCK. That's all.

(Exit Wright).

(Door at back is opened by Smith).

SMITH. *(Standing outside of opened door.)*
Yes, sir; this is his office; that's Colonel Murdock at the desk.

(Enter Thayer).

THAYER. Why, hello Bobbie, old boy—you Manchu prince! It surely does my heart good to see you again.

MURDOCK. And I am glad to see you again. Sit down.

THAYER. But, Bobbie, you're getting as gray as a badger—and what crow's feet! The trials and tribulations of campaigning in Washington and the responsibilities of a lieutenant-colonel of the General Staff, eh?

MURDOCK. I see that you're the same old tease that you were as a cadet. Where are you stationed now?

THAYER. At Fort Huachuca, Arizona. I am on a month's leave. I reached Washington this morning on my way to West Point for our class reunion tomorrow. I knew you were here and that, of course, you were going—so I stopped over to get a glimpse of Washington, which I have never seen before—and to pick you up. What train have you planned to go over on?

MURDOCK. I am very sorry, but I am afraid I won't be able to go. I can't very well get away at the present time.

THAYER. Bobbie, quit your "kidding." Why, of course, you can get away, and of course you're going.

MURDOCK. No, I am in earnest about it. You see, my duties here are of a most exacting and responsible nature, and I doubt if the Chief of Staff could just at this time spare my services.

THAYER. What would the Chief of Staff do if you should suddenly die just at this time, eh?

MURDOCK. There you go. Do you know there are very few officers out in the service who have any conception of the amount of work and the responsibilities of officers on duty in the War Department? Upon our shoulders rests the responsibility of oiling,

adjusting and keeping in motion the entire machinery of the whole Army. If it weren't for us everything would "go to pot."

THAYER. Come, Bobbie, do you really mean to tell me that you're not going up to the Point for our class reunion tomorrow?

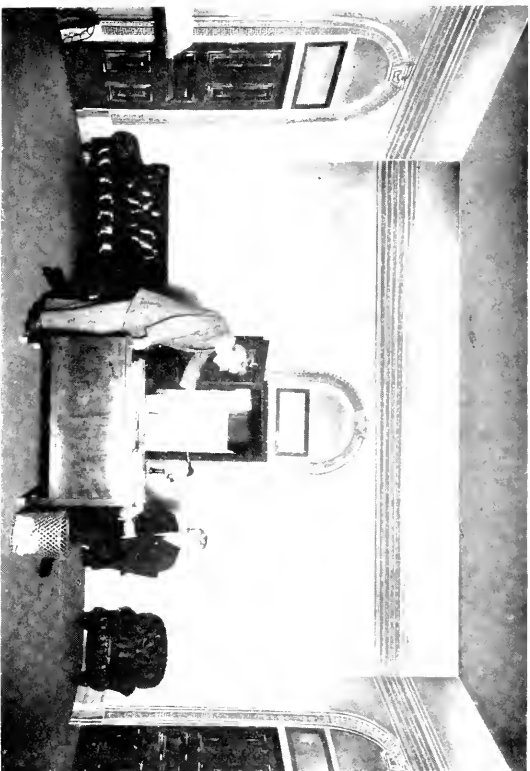
MURDOCK. I've told you that I can't very well get away; furthermore, I haven't lost anything up there.

THAYER. Really, old man, I am surprised to hear you say that.

MURDOCK. My four years at the Point were a hell of a grind, and my recollections of the place are anything but pleasant. I was "skinned" more than once when I didn't deserve it, and more than once I didn't get what I made on my recitations.

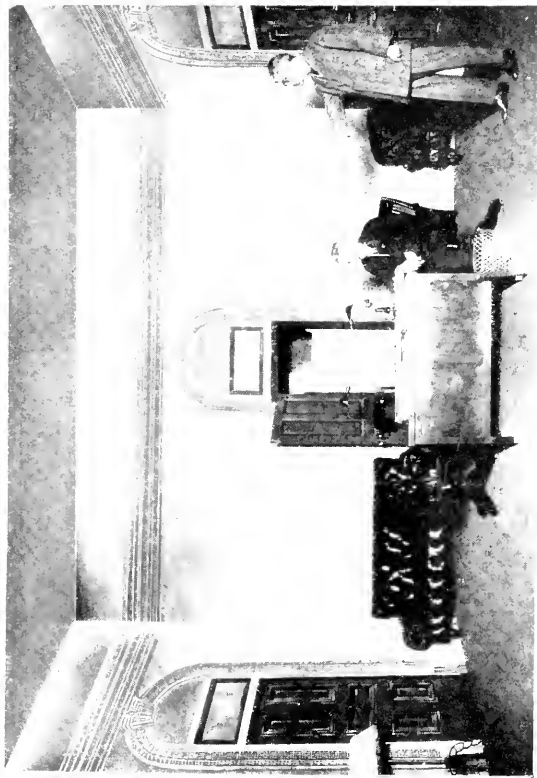
THAYER. Stop a minute! Now, while you're in the "recollecting business," recollect the times you were not "skinned" when you should have been; the times you got a 2 on your recitations when you should have gotten a 1.5; the times you "bugled it," lest you should "fess out." Recollect those things, too.

MURDOCK. Furthermore, I don't like the frosty atmosphere of the place. "Windy" Jones, of our class, was telling me that he went up to the graduation exercises a few



(MURDOCK'S OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

Thawet: You settled your account with West Point thirty years ago!



(MURDOCK'S OFFICE IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.)

Thayer: Come, Bobbie, you won't let me go up there without you, will you?

years ago. He reached West Point about nine o'clock at night, two days before graduation day, and had to walk up the hill and the whole way to the hotel in a drizzling rain. He couldn't get a rig of any kind for love or money. During the two days and two nights that he was there, everyone he saw was busy, marking papers or doing something else—no one seemed to have time to speak to him. When he went to the headquarters building to pay his respects to the Superintendent, the first thing the Adjutant said to him was, "You know, we're awfully busy at this time." Jones said he felt more or less like a fish out of water; everywhere he went he had the uncomfortable feeling that he was "butting in"; that he had gotten into the wrong pew.

THAYER. Now, my dear fellow, there are two sides to every shield, and while I have no doubt but what "Windy" Jones had the experiences that he told you about, we must also remember that the instructors at the Academy have a great many papers to mark and other duties to perform at graduation time; but it was several years ago that "Windy" was up there. Things have changed since then.

MURDOCK. I don't know about that.

THAYER. But I do. I happen to know that when Downey's permit to operate busses on the post was renewed the last time, the Superintendent put in a clause requiring him to meet all trains and all ferries reaching West Point, day or night, beginning three days before graduation; a soldier wearing a white band around the arm is at the station and at the dock to meet all trains and ferries, to furnish information, and look after baggage; three or four divisions in the new Cadet Barracks, furnished with bunks and bedding, are set aside for visiting graduates, who are extended the privileges of the Officers' Club; the "tacs" and a number of other officers whose time is not taken up with marking papers and other duties, are asked by the Superintendent to go around the Officers' Mess and other places to look after visiting graduates; the professors and associate professors, realizing that "noblesse oblige," and knowing that there are visiting graduates around the Club in the afternoon and evening, make it a point to drop in and "circulate among the crowd," so to speak—to fraternize with their fellow graduates; you can get from the steward of the Club a rosette of yellow, black and gray that will

identify you as a visiting graduate, and all cadets are required to salute those wearing such rosettes. Yes, during the last few years, things have changed materially in that respect; today the Superintendent, the Commandant, the professors, and all other officers on duty at the Academy exert themselves to make you feel that you are welcome, that they're really glad to see you. Today West Point is in closer touch, in greater sympathy with the Army than ever before—the atmosphere, the spirit of the whole place has changed—it's all so **HUMAN** now—a new era has dawned.

MURDOCK. That may all sound very well, but, as I told you before, I won't be able to go up with you.

THAYER. Bobbie, is it possible that you are like some other graduates that I know? The apparent lack of love for our **Alma Mater** on the part of some graduates is something I have never been able to understand. Last June the memorial window, donated by the graduates of the **Academy**, said to be the most beautiful and artistic memorial window in this country and one of the finest in the world, was dedicated. The other day I was looking at a photograph taken of the graduates present at the dedica-

tion exercises. There were 100! There should have been at least 1,000. However, things are changing, and I am glad to see an awakening all along the line. A couple of years ago annual reunions of graduates stationed in Kansas City, Fort Leavenworth, and vicinity were inaugurated, and I understand that the same thing is going to be started in Washington this year. We need to be reminded just so often that we are graduates of West Point. Love for one's Alma Mater, like patriotism, esprit de corps, and other kindred sentiments, must be fostered and kept alive. As a part of, and in keeping with, the general awakening of which I have just spoken, the Adjutant of the Academy now sends out circulars every year to all graduates, giving the order of the graduation exercises; the Association of graduates by means of circulars and other judicious use of printers' ink—by injecting a little HUMAN NATURE into its work—by injecting into the work a touch of that fellow-feeling that makes us wondrous kind—is making an effort—and a successful one—to create and foster a feeling of love for the Alma Mater.

MURDOCK. I am afraid you'll have a

pretty hard time to arouse any love for West Point in some of the graduates I know.

THAYER. That may be true, but every man who ever graduated from that institution has stored away somewhere in his subconscious—somewhere in his soul, the spirit of West Point, be it only a smouldering spark, and although he knows it not, it's there—it **MUST** be there; it's an element that was dropped into the crucible while its contents were yet in a liquid state. The gold may have hardened, but the diamond is embedded, even though it be at the very bottom.

Here's a country boy who goes to the busy city, and, being favored by Fortune, amasses immense wealth. He lives in a palace, surrounded by new friends—his old, illiterate father and mother, his country brothers and sisters and his boyhood village friends are all forgotten. There is a panic—he loses all his wealth; he is turned out of his palatial home to satisfy heartless creditors; he is thrown out on a cold, cold world, penniless, homeless, friendless. In his misfortune the scenes of his boyhood days all come back to him as of yesterday; he repeats the simple prayer that as a lisping child he learned at his mother's knee; he sees the little shanty with

his dear old father and mother standing at the door—he sees again so plainly his sisters and brothers and his village friends. They had not entered his mind in years—he thought he had forgotten them—but he hadn't—the element had been dropped into the crucible while the contents were in a liquid state—the gold had hardened, but the diamond was embedded. And so is it with any man who ever graduated from West Point—the spark is there; it needs but to be kindled.

MURDOCK. To tell you the truth, the day we left the place on graduation leave, I hoped I'd never see it again—and I haven't yet. I settled my account with West Point thirty years ago.

THAYER. YOU settled your account with West Point thirty years ago! As I sit here, memory recalls a scene of thirty-four years ago. It's early in the morning. There are ten to fifteen candidates, from as many different States, walking up the hill at West Point, from the station, on their way to report to the Adjutant of the Academy; one of them, the son of a Baptist preacher, a green country boy from a small town back in Illinois, is wearing a pair of red-top boots, with brass toetips; the sleeves of his home-spun

suit strike him above the wrist—he has never before left his mother's apron strings. Four years later I see him walking down the same hill, a full-fledged second lieutenant in the Army of the United States; today, thirty years later, I see him a lieutenant-colonel of the General Staff, on duty in Washington! And he settled his account with West Point thirty years ago!

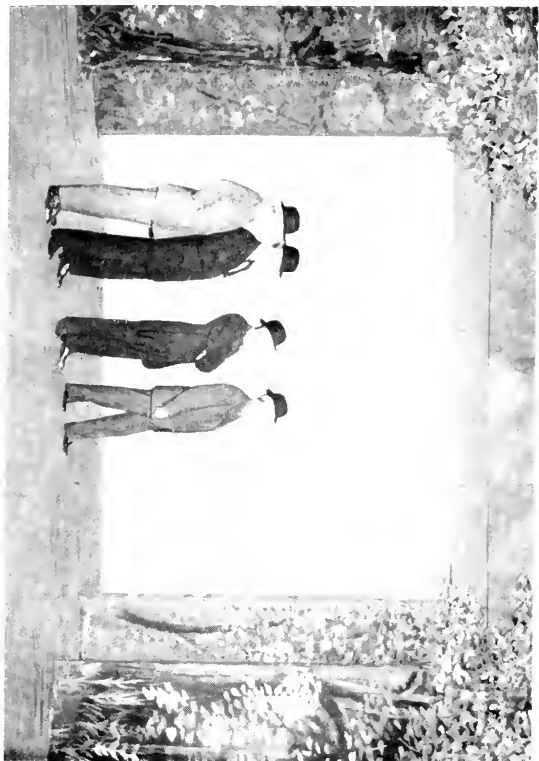
MURDOCK. Yes, but I worked like a slave for four long years, and it was through my own efforts that I graduated.

THAYER. Really! Bobbie, I am going to tell you something now. As I was passing through Chicago yesterday, I stopped over between trains to pay my respects to your old colonel, General Scott, who is now commanding the Central Division. During the course of our conversation your name was mentioned. The General told me that he was a member of the board of officers that recommended your detail on the General Staff. It would appear that your name and that of Colonel Harris, of the 1st Infantry, were being considered—your efficiency records were before the board—you both had excellent records. Three members of the board were in favor of detailing Harris and the other two in favor of detailing you.

The arms of the scale were just about so (*indicating that they were about balanced*). Someone mentioned that you were a graduate of West Point and that Harris was not. Although four of the five members of the Board were non-graduates, as soon as this fact was mentioned, the scales turned in your favor and the recommendation was unanimous.

MURDOCK. Yes, but as I told you before—

THAYER. (*Interrupting.*) I remember what you said, but I want to tell you that West Point owes nothing to her graduates—**ABSOLUTELY NOTHING**; but we owe **EVERYTHING** to West Point—what Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Murdock, of the General Staff, **IS** today, what he **HAS** today, he owes to West Point! West Point has made men famous, but no man has ever made West Point famous! One great trouble with nearly all of us is that we never think about these things—we don't **REALIZE**—we don't seem to have the time. We get into the rut of a practical, material, conventional life, and on, on we drift, never pausing, never stopping, never **REALIZING**, and the first thing we know we have crossed the river Jordan. But let us pause to think what West Point has



(GRANT, FETTER, THAYER AND MERRICK, WITNESSING GRADUATION PARADE.)

"Yes, this takes me back just thirty years."



GENERAL CULLUM (TO CADET SHIFRIDAN): GOOD-BYE AND GOD BLESS YOU.

done for us; let us stop to realize the debt we owe her.

MURDOCK. I will repeat that I settled my account with West Point thirty years ago.

THAYER. No, old man, you didn't settle your account with West Point thirty years ago. A graduate of West Point can't any more settle his account with the Academy than a child can settle its account with its mother. Bobbie, come on now, take a couple of days off—we'll leave on the Congressional Limited this afternoon, spend the night in New York, and reach West Point tomorrow morning. "Sandy" Lee, "Bobs" Grant, and about twenty other '82 men will attend the reunion. We'll sleep in Cadet Barracks once more; we'll take a meal or two in Grant Hall; we'll "hike" up to old Fort "Put" and take a stroll on Flirtation Walk—we'll live again in spirit days of long ago, days we spent together as cadets on the banks of the historic Hudson. It will make us feel young again—it will act as a wonderful tonic—a veritable elixir of life. We'll visit Cullum Hall, and as we walk through the building, we'll see the walls covered with bronze tablets bearing the names of classmates and others now dead and gone. We'll see the old tattered battle-flags hanging from

their supports; we'll see the life-size paintings of Grant, Lee, Sheridan, Jackson, Sherman and others, hanging on the walls—our blood will tingle—we'll feel proud that we, too, are graduates of the same institution—that their Alma Mater is our Alma Mater—it will make us realize the priceless legacy we, you and I, and all other graduates, possess. Come, Bobbie, you won't let me go up there without you, will you?

(After thinking for a few seconds, Murdock presses the bell. Enter Wright).

MURDOCK: Please take this telegram:—

“The Adjutant,

“West Point, N. Y.

“Will arrive tomorrow morning for reunion class '82. Please notify arrangement committee.”

That's all.

(As Wright is leaving the room, Thayer takes hold of Murdock's hand and shakes it with both hands.)

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE 1: *Parade ground at West Point.*

TIME: *Afternoon of June 12, just before graduation parade.*

(Murdock, Thayer, Lee and Grant are seated on a bench.)

GRANT. Well, it surely does feel good to be back here together as we are today, doesn't it?

LEE. It surely does.

(Drum, sounding first call, is heard in distance.)

MURDOCK. Hello, what's that?

THAYER. That must be the first call for graduation parade.

GRANT. "Sandy," I'll never forget the day you were reciting in the art of war and Professor Mercur asked you how would you double the number of sabers on the firing line, and you answered that you would double the number of sabers on the firing line by giving each man two sabers!

LEE. Yes, "Bobs," that was almost as "mathy" an answer as the one you gave the

time the instructor asked you what you would do with the earth from a trench, if you wanted to hide it, and you answered that you'd bury it!

THAYER. I heard a pretty good one the other day on McCain, who is on duty in the War Department. While reciting in "Trig" the instructor asked him, "Mr. McCain, what is an angle?" and McCain replied, "An angle is a triangle with only two sides!"

MURDOCK. I suppose you all remember McIntyre—he's on duty in the Bureau of Insular Affairs. While reciting in "Phil" the instructor asked him, "Mr. McIntyre, what is a horse power?", to which McIntyre replied, "Why, a horse power is the distance one horse can carry one pound of water in one hour!"

GRANT. When I was in Washington the other day "Doc" Graves told me about the time "Teddy" Rhodes, who is a class-mate of his, was reciting in surveying. The subject he had required the drawing of a theodolite—about as complicated and as hard a thing to draw as you can think of. The illustration in the book also contained the box in which the theodolite was supposed to be kept when not in use. Now, "Teddy," who was a little "goaty" in drawing, drew only

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the box. When he got through reciting the instructor said, "Yes, that's all right, but where's the theodolite?" "The theodolite?" asked "Teddy," "Why, the theodolite, sir, that's in the box!"

(Assembly on drum is heard in distance.)

LEE. There goes the assembly.

GRANT. I heard General Sharpe, the Commissary General, class of '80, tell a good story on one of his class-mates, General Aleshire. Aleshire was reciting in chemistry, and Professor Tillman asked him if carbonic acid gas was injurious, and Aleshire answered, "Oh, yes, sir; and if the air contains more than 100 per cent, it is very, very injurious!"

THAYER. Hunter Liggett, class '79, who is now on duty at the Army War College, was reciting in "Phil" one day, and Professor Michie asked him, "Mr. Liggett, what is gravitation?" "Why—er—gravitation," answered Liggett, playing for time, "Why—er—er—Professor—gravitation—gravitation is that which if there were none we would all fly off the earth!"

(Band in distance is heard playing a march.)

LEE. *(Stands up and looks off stage.)*
By Jove, they look fine, don't they?

(After playing for a short time, band stops playing march.)

GRANT. This is a glorious day for graduation parade.

MURDOCK. Yes, we have good reason to feel very kindly toward the weather man.

[Band "sounds off" (the "Three Cheers") and then plays medley of the Dashing White Sergeant, the Girl I Left Behind; Home, Sweet Home, and Auld Lang Syne.]

THAYER. (While band is playing.) Yes, this takes me back just thirty years.

LEE. Me, too.

GRANT. There's not a finer looking military body anywhere in the world.

THAYER. They do look great, don't they?

(Retreat is sounded. Cannon is fired. Band plays "Star-Spangled Banner," during which Murdock, Thayer, Grant and Lee stand and uncover. Band then begins to play same medley as before.)

LEE. (After band has been playing medley for a while.) Suppose we walk over to the Club and have a highball or two?

MURDOCK. That sounds good to me, all right.

(Murdock, Thayer, Grant and Lee leave stage.)

(The curtain is lowered one minute to indicate the time necessary for the battalion to march back to barracks from parade.)

(Orchestra plays medley of "Benny Havens" and "Auld Lang Syne.")

SCENE 2: *Same as Scene 1, this act.*

TIME: *After graduation parade.*

(General Cullum, tired and weary, enters and sits on bench. Removes hat and wipes face and forehead with handkerchief.)

CULLUM. This has been a pretty strenuous day for a man of my years.

(Cadet Sheridan starts to stroll across stage.)

CULLUM. Young man, would you please come over here a minute? I would like to talk to you.

SHERIDAN. Yes, sir.

CULLUM. Sit down, won't you? *(Sheridan sits down.)* I am General Cullum, of the class of '60. What's your name and what State are you from?

SHERIDAN. Mr. Sheridan, sir; from Ohio, sir.

CULLUM. And what class do you belong to?

SHERIDAN. I am a fourth classman, sir.

CULLUM. You must then feel very happy over the fact that tomorrow you will be a real, full-fledged "yearling"?

SHERIDAN. Yes, sir.

CULLUM. I shall never forget the day I became a yearling—June 16, 1857. I consider it the greatest, the happiest day of my life. And I suppose you are very glad and proud that you are a cadet of this great, magnificent insitution?

SHERIDAN. Yes, sir, I am, but I often think that the course is too hard and the discipline unnecessarily severe. I can't always see the necessity for it all.

CULLUM. That's what I used to think sometimes when I was a cadet, especially the days that I got "skinned" or "fessed out" in some recitation. You are just starting on the Highway of Life; I have about passed the last milestone, and I want to tell you, young man, that the course is none too hard, nor is the discipline any too strict. These beautiful grounds, these fine buildings, these picturesque surroundings are merely a manifestation—merely a material setting, only an abode for something that we cannot see, for something that we can only FEEL—the spirit of old West Point, expressed in the words, "Honor, Duty, Country." The spirits of Sylvanus Thayer, Henry Kendricks, Peter Michie, James Mercur, Charles Larned, and others are hovering over the institution, like

so many silent sentinels, watching and jealously guarding its standards of efficiency; its ideals of truth and honor; its traditions.

West Point is the result of evolution—it is the embodiment of the thought, effort, unerring judgment, and labor of many patriotic, conscientious, unselfish men, all of which you are now getting the benefit. Your mind and body are in their formative stage—they are pliable and wieldy—and as the artist takes a piece of clay and shapes it to suit his fancy, so is this institution now shaping your mind, moulding your body, and as the artist puts his individuality, his being, his very soul, into his work, so is this institution putting into you the spirit of its traditions, of its ideals—the spirit of old West Point. Everything that is being done, is being done for your own good. You may not realize it now, but, mark my word, you will in years to come.

SHERIDAN. I suppose that's so, General, but I had never thought of it before in that way.

CULLUM.* In 1799, two days before his death, George Washington wrote a letter to

*This speech of General Cullum as well as his speeches beginning on pages 25 and 27 are based on extracts from General Horace Porter's address at the celebration of the centenary of the founding of the Military Academy, held at West Point in June, 1902.

Alexander Hamilton, probably the last his illustrious hand ever penned, saying:

“The establishment of a military academy upon a respectable and extensive basis has ever been considered by me as an object of primary importance in this country, and while I was in the chair of Government I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it to the attention of the Legislature.”

Thus may it be said that West Point, this infant of state, received at its baptism Washington's dying benediction. And a better site for an institution to teach the science and the art of war could not have been selected. Here the Academy sits enthroned in the fastness of the legendary Highlands; the cold, gray, rugged rocks which form her battlements are symbolic of the rigor of the discipline exacted of her children; her towering hills seem to lift man nearer to his God; the mist-laden storm clouds may lower above her, but they break upon her crags and peaks as hostile lines of battle have so often broken upon the sword points of her heroic sons.

To produce good music an instrument must be in tune. The cadet who here studies the art of war finds himself in a purely military atmosphere, and feels the stimulus of his

surroundings. About this region cluster the most inspiring memories of the War of Independence, which constituted the heroic age of the Republic. Here invading armies were checked, hostile fleets were barred, treason was baffled. Here flows the historic Hudson, rich in precious Revolutionary reminiscences. Upon the plain are displayed trophies of former wars; upon giant rocks are graven the names of victorious battles; pendant on the building's walls are tablets and portraits which recall the record of imperishable deeds and perpetuate names which deserve to be immortal. Here statues are erected to commemorate men who lived believing in their country, who died that their faith might be fulfilled. The mute eloquence of their monuments plead for equal sacrifice on the part of present and future graduates, should war again threaten the nation's life. In such surroundings what cadet could fail to be imbued with the absorbing spirit of old West Point?

SHERIDAN. That's right, General.

CULLUM. And in this institution—on yonder flagstaff—the flag of our country is kept constantly in view. It is not simply a piece of bunting which can be purchased in the nearest shop; it is not a mere cluster of

brilliant colors; **IT IS THE EMBLEM OF DIGNITY, AUTHORITY, POWER!** Insult it, and millions will spring to its defense, resolved that it shall never be dethroned from its proud supremacy. In this free land there is no sovereign, fealty to whom symbolizes national fealty; no crown to typify inherent authority; our sole emblem of fidelity to country is **THE FLAG**. Here, amid these sublime surroundings, you are trained to salute it, taught to reverence it.

SHERIDAN. Yes, sir; that's so, General.

CULLUM. West Point is a great melting pot—probably the greatest melting pot in the world. The woodchopper's boy and the millionaire's son; the butcher's boy and the aristocrat's son, are, in the eyes of the authorities and in the eyes of the corps, absolutely equal—they all wear the same kind of clothes, eat the same kind of food, occupy the same kind of quarters, do the same kind of work, enjoy the same kind of pleasures. Every boy who enters this institution, irrespective of race, religion, or "previous condition of servitude," stands entirely on his own merits. West Point and Annapolis exemplify as no other institutions in this country do, one of the greatest basic principles of our Government, that "All men are created

equal." West Point belongs not to her graduates alone. As Sandhurst is English and belongs to the English people; as St. Cyr is French and belongs to the French people, so is West Point American and belongs to the American people, and well may the American people feel proud of their national military academy.

SHERIDAN. General, you are making me realize for the first time things that I never thought of before.

CULLUM. I am glad of it, my boy, and now I am going to tell you a story I once heard—a story of Pierre St. Jean, a peasant boy of France. The great hall of the Sorbonne in Paris was crowded with an audience that had gathered to witness the award of medals to those who had performed acts of bravery in saving human life at sea. A bright-eyed boy of scarcely fourteen summers was called to the platform. The story was recounted of how one winter's night when a fierce tempest was raging on the rude Normandy coast, he saw signals of distress at sea and started with his father, the captain of a small vessel, and the mate, to attempt a rescue. By dint of almost superhuman effort the crew of a sinking ship was safely taken aboard. A wave then washed

the father from the deck. The boy plunged into the seething waves to save him, but the attempt was in vain, and the father perished. The lad struggled back to the vessel, to find that the mate had also been washed overboard. Then lashing himself fast, he took the wheel and guided the boat, with its precious cargo of human souls, through the howling storm safely into port. The President of France, after paying a touching tribute to the boy's courage in a voice broken with emotion, pinned the medal on his breast, placed in his hands a diploma of honor, and then, seizing Pierre St. Jean in his arms, imprinted a kiss on each cheek. For a moment the boy seemed dazed, not knowing which way to turn, as he stood there with the tears streaming down his cheeks while everyone in that vast audience wept in sympathy. Suddenly his eyes turned toward his old peasant mother, she to whom he owed his birth, his training—she to whom he owed all that he had, all that he was. He rushed to her, took the medal from his breast, and, casting it and his diploma into her lap, threw himself on his knees at her feet, exclaiming, "Oh, Mother, Mother! I owe it all to you; it was you who showed me how to be brave!" And so should the graduates of West Point

be ever ready and willing to lay whatever laurels they may win at the feet of their Alma Mater, to whom they owe their education, their training—to whom they owe all that they have, all that they are.

SHERIDAN. General, I want to thank you for this talk—you have told me some things that I shall never, never forget. You have made me see a new light. (*Drum heard in distance.*) That's the first call for supper. I must be going. Good-bye, sir. (*Salutes.*)

CULLUM. (*Acknowledging salute.*) Good-bye, and God bless you.

(*Sheridan leaves. Cullum gets up and walks around stage, looking about in a pensive manner. Fife and drum corps is heard in distance.*)

CULLUM. (*Looking off stage.*) There they go, marching to supper, the same as we did fifty years ago. (*He sits on bench and soon falls asleep, during which, while the orchestra, on muted instruments, is playing a medley of Benny Havens, Auld Lang Syne, and Home, Sweet Home, he has a vision—a vision of scenes of long ago—scenes on the banks of the Hudson. Views of West Point and pictures of Benny Havens, Sylvanus Thayer, Peter Michie and others are thrown on the screen. After the*

last picture has been thrown on the screen, the music ceases, and Cullum awakes and stands.)

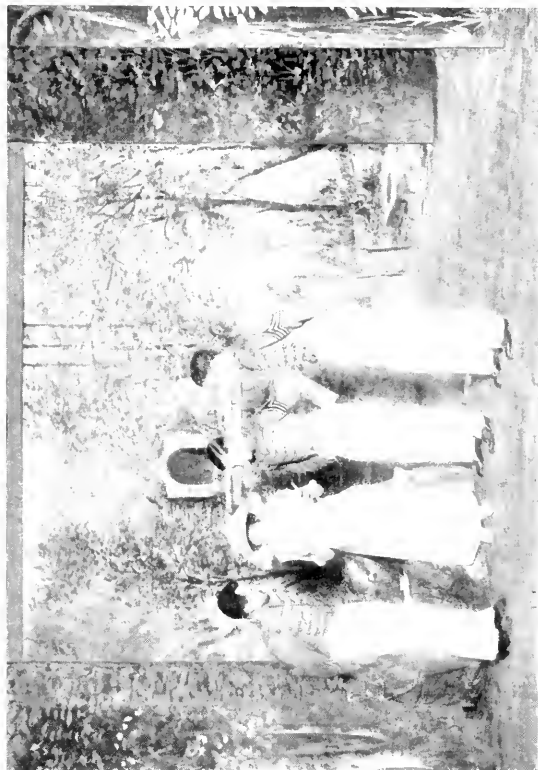
CULLUM. Yes, this has been a wonderful day; the hand of time has been turned back fifty years—it all seems like a dream—a wonderful dream! Oh, West Point, devoted child of the nation, standing with outstretched hands to press the cup of welcome to the lips of your sons whom you bid to return to you after the trials and vicissitudes of life's career and repose their heads upon your bosom!

When "Stonewall" Jackson and you and I
and Benny, too,
Are brought before the final board our
course of life to view—
May we be told with Grant and Lee; Sheri-
dan and Sherman, to go
And join the army blest of Benny
Havens, oh!

(Curtain.)



GENERAL CUSHMAN APOSTROPHIZING WEST POINT.
"Oh, West Point, devoted child of the nation."



GLORY JUNE AND CADETS BURNSIDE, BEAUREGARD AND MCCLELLAN ON
FLIRTATION WALK.)

"I love you all and it would not be so hard to decide in favor of you
all only I don't want to be in the Army."

ACT III.

SCENE: *Flirtation Walk.*

TIME: *Soon after supper.*

(Laughing and talking heard in the distance. Enter Glory June, in summer costume, escorted and followed by Cadets Burnside, McClellan and Beauregard.)

GLORY. It is certainly very nice of you all to want me for the next hop—but——

CADET BEAUREGARD. *(Interrupting.)* That's what makes West Point such a Paradise for girls.

GLORY. And deciding on which one it will be is what makes West Point just *(Spells)* h-e-aven. *(Glory and Cadets laugh.)* But I believe I'll not go with any one of you. I like the GENERAL appearance of the cadet who stands behind the officer at parade.

CADET McCLELLAN. He's no general, Miss June—he's the QUARTERMASTER.

GLORY. Then where do the other three stand? *(Cadets laugh.)*

CADET BURNSIDE. Never mind, Miss June, I'll defend you.

GLORY (*Archly*). And are you so brave?

CADET BURNSIDE. Oh, yes; I love the smell of powder.

GLORY. I noticed that. You always use violet talcum, don't you?

CADETS BEAUREGARD and McCLELLAN (*Laughing and in chorus*). "Spec" that, old man!

CADET BURNSIDE. You may tease all you please, Miss June. Girls who make good fudge earn that right.

GLORY. Did I send you some fudge?

CADET BURNSIDE. What a silly question! Of course you did.

GLORY. I must have been insane.

CADETS (*In chorus*). If we ate it we must have been mad—about you!

GLORY. Mad, indeed. The fudge was a perfect insult.

CADET BEAUREGARD. I never before saw cadets swallow insults the way we did.

GLORY. And the cake (*Laughing*)—oh, it was cement!

CADET McCLELLAN. That's why we ate it—to make ourselves solid—with you.

CADET BEAUREGARD. I passed you this morning, Miss June.

GLORY. Thank you!

CADET BEAUREGARD. For what?

GLORY. For passing!

CADETS McCLELLAN and BURNSIDE.
Wooden!

CADET BURNSIDE. Mr. McClellan was
“skinned” this morning for “improper ex-
pression” at breakfast.

GLORY. Oh, Mr. McClellan, did you say
bad words?

CADET McCLELLAN. Small offense—
but Mr. Beauregard was “skinned” for “dirty
bore” at inspection.

GLORY. Now I call that horrid. It’s
bad enough to be called a bore.

CADET BURNSIDE. That’s right—he is
a bore. Don’t you ever allow him to call on
you.

CADET BEAUREGARD. I was just about
to ask if I might call on you, at the hotel.

GLORY. Please do, but be sure to come in
the AFTERNOON—I am always at home in
the MORNING! (*Glory and Cadets laugh.*)

CADETS McCLELLAN and BURNSIDE.
Such a headache!

GLORY. Ever have one before?

CADET BEAUREGARD. Always after.

GLORY. After that what can we do to
him?

CADET BURNSIDE. An afterthought—a song—the song we all love to hear you sing, Glory June. We know we haven't a ghost of a show with you, but——

GLORY (*Holding out both arms*). I love you all—and it would not be so hard to decide in favor of—of—you all—only—I don't want to be in the Army, so you are all safe with me.

CADET McCLELLAN. I have heard you say that before. Most girls up here would like it, especially the "L. P.'s," but you, Glory June, would make a typical Army woman.

GLORY (*Getting furious*). Don't ever say that to me again. I can't bear that phrase. Typical Army woman, INDEED! (*Stamps her foot*). I shall NEVER be one. (*Turns her back to them and walks away*).

CADET BURNSIDE. Pardon me. Oh, I say, Miss June, don't go off like that—it's nearly time for that formation for the exercises at the chapel this evening. (*Looking at watch*). Only a few moments and then we have to rush off.

GLORY. Rush off, and how shall I get back to Highland Falls? There is no bus to-night.

CADET BEAUREGARD (*Looking at chevrons*). I'll take you home, little girl, if I

lose my chevrons and go to the area forever.

GLORY. Oh, what a gallant! A beau worth having—but I will not keep you. I have an engagement (*looking all around*) which I fear someone is forgetting—and will make him lose his chevrons.

CADETS. But how about that song—the song, “One Little Boy Had Money,” but you must say, “One little cadet had money.”

(Glory sings the song, the cadets humming the second or alto softly. Coming to the chorus they pass her, taking her hand, lifting it to their lips as they go off the stage. Cadet Jackson (“Jack”), Glory’s sweetheart, appears slowly in the background, watching the picture thus made. He repeats the last line, and the cadets disappear, and Jack, instead of taking Glory’s hand, tries to kiss her lips, but she turns her head.)

“ONE LITTLE BOY HAD MONEY.”

(Song from the Honeymoon Trail)

“For one little boy had money;

(First cadet passes, kisses hand and leaves stage.)

One little boy had sense;

(Second cadet passes.)

And one little boy was society’s joy,

(Third cadet passes.)

With a dress suit for forty cents.

And one little boy was handsome;

(Glory looks lingeringly.)

And one was a titled beau;—

But—the one she told ‘Yes’—
Had no chance with the rest—
Except that she loved him so—
Except that she loved him so.”

(Jack appears and takes up the refrain.)

(Jack tries to kiss Glory, but succeeds only in getting her hand.)

JACK. Glory, have I kept you waiting?

GLORY. No; I have been amusing myself—trying to rid the atmosphere of quite A NUMBER OF THINGS.

JACK. Are you thinking of Stevenson’s words—

“The world is so full of a number of things—
I’m sure we should all be as happy as
kings”?

GLORY. No; I was not calling cadets “things”—and if I told them you did, they would not like it. I was just persuading them it was time for that formation.

JACK. I’m glad you got rid of them. I thought I never would get here. You surely do look sweet.

GLORY. You’re sweet to say it. Do you like this hat?

JACK. Bet I do—on you.

GLORY (*Coquettishly*). Want to come under?

(*Jack fails in the effort—braces.*)

JACK. Have you thought over what I told you last night at the hop?

GLORY. You told me so many things, Jack dear—just which one do you mean?

JACK. You know.

GLORY. Let's sit down and tell me all over again.

JACK. Tell me that you love me first.

GLORY. I've always cared about you, Jack—ever since furlough when we had such a lovely vacation together.

JACK. You loved me enough to promise me then—but now, Glory, **SOMETHING** seems different—I feel sometimes as though you were not quite happy about it.

GLORY. I have not changed toward you, Jack—but you know I have seen so little of Army life—I know nothing of it—the Army ladies I meet every day here—the conversations I hear—I do not exactly understand, perhaps—but I do not feel I could be one of them.

JACK. You need be only yourself, sweetheart—you were made for a soldier's wife.

GLORY. I do not believe so. I seem to have very little in common with them to speak of. In civil life our conversation is of literature, art, music, the latest play, the new opera—how can I talk dates with these women who constantly refer to 64, 82, 98—what are the years to me, Jack?

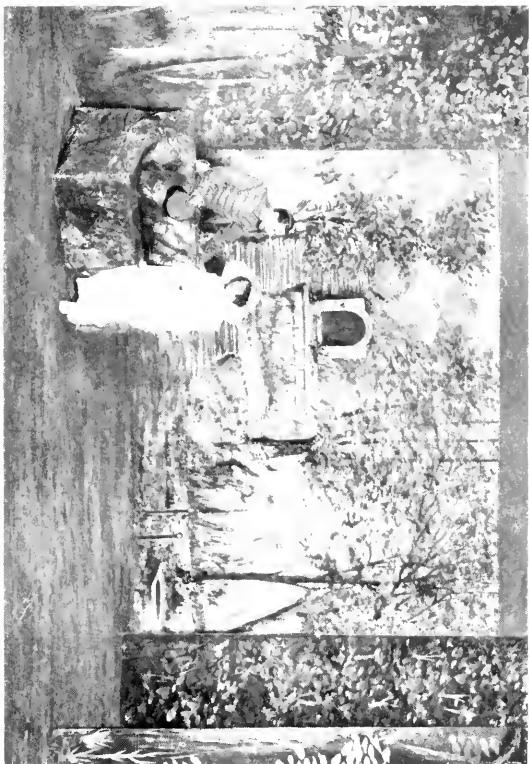
JACK. Glory, dear, let me try to make the years mean something to you, so that we two can look back and “count them over—every one apart—our rosary.” (*Glory looks into his eyes—dangerously near.*) As to the play—the opera—one has very little opportunity of enjoying all that—but if fortune sends us to a city from some Western post, say—we come fresh and enthusiastic ready to enjoy to the uttermost all that has been denied for months—perhaps years.

GLORY. Well, anyway, Jack, I don't believe I want to be an Army woman.

JACK. Glory, just what do you mean by that?

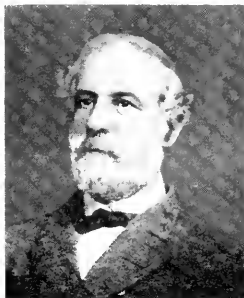
GLORY. I mean just that. A while ago a Cadet told me he thought I would make a “typical Army woman.” It made me furious. I never want to be called that.

JACK. Why?



(ANOTHER LOVERS' QUARREL ON FLIRTATION WALK.)

Madet Jack: You loved me enough to promise me then but now, glory,



Class of 1829



Class of 1843

TWO WEST POINT GRADUATES.

On April 9, 1865, there was enacted by two graduates of West Point one of the most momentous and impressive scenes in the history of the nation: The vanquished army of the South surrendered to the victorious army of the North—a long and bloody civil war, in which both sides fought for what they thought was right, was ended—a West Point graduate of the Class of 1829 surrendered to a West Point graduate of the class of 1843. The one who wore the gray was dignified and courageous in defeat; the one who wore the blue was fair and generous in victory; in bearing and in speech they both typified the spirit of West Point. The American nation will ever honor and cherish the memory of both of them; the nations of the world will ever admire their achievements.

GLORY. To me they seem careless, frivolous, selfishly fond of pleasure—of attention.

JACK. Call it that if you will. When we were out in the Islands last, mother called it "keeping the ball rolling." It had to be done. It made them forget for the hour that they were away from "God's Own Country," trying to keep up their——

GLORY. (*Interrupting*). Oh, please don't talk about life in the Philippines to me! I have listened to it most all the afternoon. One had left children at home to go with her husband—the other had remained in the States with her boys and the poor man went off alone. Can you imagine any one doing such a heartless thing—if she really cared at all about her husband?—or—(*doubtfully*) leaving those little girls at school—why, they might have died!

JACK. Yes, and no one felt that more than the mother—she could not be in both places, you know, and Army life often means separation. Oh, Glory—little girl—when you speak against the Army women this way, I feel it as deeply as though you were criticising my own mother—my own sweet sister. As a matter of fact, you do not know

a single Army woman intimately, and yet you do not care to be like them.

GLORY. Tell me you love me—kiss me (*covering her face with widespread hands and looking at him through fingers*)—but don't lecture! Besides, I don't think there is to be a bus to-night and you will have to take me home.

JACK. (*Looking at his watch*) I have just two minutes to do it in—before that formation for chapel.

GLORY. What's a formation compared to my getting home safely?

JACK. It's bothering me, I confess. I know my duty is now to leave you and rush off, but my whole heart pulls me the other way.

GLORY. Then show me how deep your love is—forget everything and come with me—I promise my lips as sure reward.

JACK. (*Putting his hand over his eyes*) Could my sister ever have used such words! Would my dear, sweet mother ever in her youth have tempted so! You do not know—you have not the first idea of being a soldier's wife. How well do I remember when my father left for Cuba in '98 and for the Philippines in '99—I can now see my mother holding his sword until he was ready to buckle

it on, keeping back her tears and giving him every comfort, every encouragement necessary to his departure, and saying cheerfully from the door, "Do not think of us until it is all over—*Aufweidersehen!*" In the eyes of a true Army woman,—self is not in question where duty arises,—where an order is to be obeyed and I once heard an officer say that his wife was more of a soldier than he himself.

GLORY. You have said enough, my brave boy. Kiss me now and go; you can make it if you hurry; for, were I standing in an open prairie and a tremendous blizzard blowing, I would say, "Go! Go!", and were I buried in the snow the very thought of you would keep me warm until your return. Oh, I love you Jack, and I say, "Yes"—and I will try to be like the picture you have drawn of a true, noble woman. (*They embrace and walk off.*)

(*Enter Murdock and Thayer.*)

THAYER (*As he is entering*) And what's the name of your boy?

MURDOCK. Fred—Frederick Hoyle Murdock! (*Murdock and Thayer sit on the rock just vacated by Glory and Jack*) And he's the finest lad that ever lived, bless his dear heart!

He's such a manly, clean, generous fellow. Oh, the joy of being the father of such a son—of realizing, of feeling, that he's of my own flesh and blood!

THAYER. Yes, a feeling of that kind must be a great joy.

MURDOCK (*who has been pensively gazing into space*). Henry, have you the "makings"?

THAYER. No, but I have one already made. (*Hands box of cigarettes to Murdock who takes and lights one, and then begins to puff smoke, as if absorbed in thought*).

THAYER. Bobbie, you seem kind of pensive this evening, old man, what's the matter?

MURDOCK. I am kind of pensive this evening—in fact, I am very pensive. Do you know that it was just thirty years ago today that, on this very spot, I proposed to Virginia Hoyle, of Florida, who is today Mrs. Robert Murdock, the mother of my boy, Fred?

THAYER. Really! (*They both rise*).

MURDOCK. And do you know, Henry, that I didn't realize until only this afternoon that it was not you, Henry Thayer, my old classmate, who spoke the things I heard in my office yesterday morning, but

that it was the voice, the spirit, of Sylvanus Thayer, the Father of the Military Academy, that was speaking to me?

I have decided to get an appointment for Fred, who will be seventeen next month. He was going to Yale, but he will now enter West Point next year.

(Murdock takes hold of Thayer's hand and places his left hand on Thayer's shoulder.)

Old man, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude, and I want to tell you that from now on I will never miss an opportunity to come up to the old place and live again in spirit the days that we, of dear old '82, spent here as cadets—from now on I will never miss an opportunity to make "the pilgrimage to Mecca"—**I AM A REGENERATED WEST POINTER!**

Curtain.

(Orchestra plays "Benny Havens"; air is taken up by the singing table).



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